

COUNCIL REPARATIONS MADE TO MTC

McGill Daily

Vol. XLV — No. 50

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1955

PRICE: TWO CENTS

Choral Society's "Sing At Christmas" Set For Tomorrow

The eleventh annual "Sing at Christmas" will be presented by The McGill Choral Society tomorrow night at 8.30 pm in the Currie Gym. Directed by Gifford Mitchell and accompanied by Doris Killam, the concert will feature highlights from concerts in the first decade of the Society.

The first half of the Sing at Christmas concert will be devoted to the narrating of the Christmas story in words and music. Each selection in this half will be introduced by a Scriptural theme read by students from twelve different countries. Much of the music will consist of carols from countries all around the world.

The second part of the programme goes under the heading of "The Twelve Days of Christmas". It will feature songs from England. Part of this section will be a reading of the Story of the Goblins who stole a Sexton, from Dickens' Pickwick Papers. The first "Sing at Christmas" programme in 1945 featured a reading of Dickens' Christmas Carol to begin their second decade, the Choral Society has chosen another Dickens story.

This concert is the third in which students from various countries have read the Christmas story. The Spring presentation by the Choral Society, a concert of folk music, will be based upon songs from the home-lands of the Christmas readers, thus linking the two annual programmes. It will take five years of these concerts to ensure representation from every nation which has students at McGill.

Gifford Mitchell, director of the Choral Society, is well known in Montreal music circles. This year marks his fifth as director of the Elgar Choir. Mr. Mitchell is also organist and choir master for the Mount Royal United Church.

Choral Society's accompanist during the past six years has been Doris Killam. Miss Killam also accompanies the Elgar Choir and the Bank of Montreal Choir. She is organist and choir director at Stanley Presbyterian Church.

Tickets for "Sing at Christmas" may be obtained from any member of the Choral Society or at the door. Admission is one dollar for adults and fifty cents for children under thirteen.

The Cambridge Debaters!



The two gentlemen pictured above are this year's edition of the annual touring Cambridge University team of debaters. They are from left to right, Kenneth Post and Johnny York.

WOOLWORTH'S VS. WORDSWORTH IS DEBATE TOPIC

"Resolved that this House Prefers Woolworth's to Wordsworth" is the topic of the McGill-Cambridge debate, to be held to-night in Redpath Library Hall at 8.30 pm. Kenneth W. Post, John G. York representing Cambridge, will take the affirmative of the topic, against the negative team of McGill's Len Cohen and Danny Kingstone.

Kenneth Post holds the post of Secretary of the Cambridge Union Society. He is reading History at St. John's College, and hopes to become a Central American Archaeologist. John York, a past official of the Union Society at Cambridge, has obtained his BA in History and Law at that university. He is at present a student of the Middle Temple, and intends to practice law.

Len Cohen BCI, 1 was on the executive of McGill's Debating Union for three years. He has been the recipient of both debating and literary awards, among the former: Bovey Shield and Gold "A", and in the latter category, the Daily prize for poetry, and the Forge and Chester McNaughton awards for literature. Danny Kingstone is in his third year Law at McGill. He has taken part in many intercollegiate debates; and possesses a gold "A". Some of his many other campus activities include: President, Mc-

Gill Union, Chairman, Combined Charities, and Chairman of this year's Winter Carnival.

The Cambridge team has just completed a tour of American universities, where the prevailing attitude seems to agree with that expressed by Boston University: "The best of the foreign debating teams seen in the United States."

CHRISTMAS EMPLOYMENT

The Placement Service needs students for work on Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, New Year's Eve and New Year's Day. The main requirement is for baby-sitting on New Year's Eve. A special higher rate is paid for baby-sitting on these days.

Any students who are available for the above times are asked to register their names with the Placement Service Office as soon as possible.

\$5000 VOTED TO COMMISSION

by Bryna Feingold

By a slim majority the Students' Executive Council passed a motion calling for the writing of letters of apology to the Montreal Transportation Commission and the Montreal Police, the necessity of its authorizing all future student parades, and the paying of \$5,000 to the MTC.

This action was taken as a consequence of the part played by McGill students in last Friday's demonstration against higher transportation fares.

The motion reads:

WHEREAS, much property damage and inconvenience was caused during the demonstration and riot on Friday, December 9; and

WHEREAS, some McGill students were involved in the demonstration and caused some property damage and civic disturbance, and unwittingly helped to provide an opportunity for hoodlums to do much more serious damage; and

WHEREAS, the Students Executive Council, although in no way whatever connected with or responsible for the participation of the McGill students, is the recognized medium between the students and the general public, and the executive body of the Students, Society, and the disciplinary organ of the Students' Society; and

WHEREAS, the number of McGill students involved in Friday's demonstration is such that it would be impractical to attempt to discipline the participants; and

WHEREAS, the Students' Society is anxious to express its regret for the unfortunate consequences of the actions of some of its members;

BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED:

1. that the President of the Students' Society be authorized to write letters of apology to the Montreal Transportation Commission and the Montreal Police for the damage and disturbance caused, directly or indirectly, by some McGill students;

2. that in the future all student parades must be authorized by the Students' Executive Council and that any student acting without such authorization and in violation of this resolution be severely punished by the Students' Executive Council;

3. that the sum of \$5,000 be paid to the Montreal Transportation Commission by way of reparation for damage caused and as an expression of the sincerity of the regret felt by the Students' Society for the consequences of the actions of some of its members.

Each students' share of the sum to be paid will amount to approximately one dollar, and the amount of \$5,000 was chosen for this reason.

Speaking for the motion, Danny Lazare, Law representative, stated that Friday's action was, in part, a McGill demonstration.

"We are the students' representatives," he continued; "If their behavior was not conceived through malice, it was, nevertheless, an error of judgement for which atonement should be made."

Opposed Motion

Les Jonas, Union President, spoke in opposition to the proposed motion. "Five thousand dollars is not a remedy and will not undo the wrong that was done on Friday. I feel that besides acting in conjunction with the other university participants in the demonstration, we should give the entire problem further serious consideration."

Mike Fish, Architecture representative, felt that the proposal did not go far enough.

"More action should be taken," Fish stated, "to clarify to the public the actual amount of McGill participation in the event. A more positive attitude, in the form of a vote of censure, should be taken against those who instigated the riot."

Further Motion

A subsequent motion passed by the Council approved the censure of "the participants, and particularly the organizers" of the exhibition.

Avrum Cohen, Students' Society President, expressed the views of the majority of the Council by stating that "The public and the University are disappointed in and almost ashamed of McGill students. The Students' Executive Council, although not involved in the organizing of the demonstration, must answer for and discipline the members of the Students' Society when necessary. This resolution is an attempt to make amends, and an expression of the feeling that we must be mature enough to accept our responsibility."

Editorial

A RESPONSIBILITY

The Students' Executive Council's decision to send \$5,000 to the Montreal Tramway Commission for damages caused by McGill students during last Friday's demonstration will undoubtedly be the subject of much heated debate. Such was the case within the Council itself.

There were many views that were expressed during the recorded meeting and outside of it. Those opposed to the resolution suggested that it is the legal and democratic right of any organization, be it student or otherwise, to stage an orderly parade when and if the municipal authorities had been warned and their approval seemingly granted. They inferred that the fault did not lie with students, and consequently they should not be made to suffer.

It is difficult to argue with the technical legality of such a claim. However, were not the students to know that a parade such as that which was envisioned will inevitably lead to damage and threat to public safety? Does the fact that the authorities too, failed to recognize this absolve the students from their responsibility?

Further, it was argued, that by voting the money, the Council would, in the eyes of the public, be admitting guilt, where no guilt existed. The Council by its decision has not done this. It has expressed its regret that some McGill students, whether officially or otherwise, have contributed to a demonstration that has caused public damage and inconvenience.

A third group will argue that though some action should have been taken, the course decided upon was not the one. The individuals responsible for the organization of the parade should be punished. This would be positive action, it contends.

True, this would be positive action. However neither the Senate Committee on Student Activity nor the Council were able to fix responsibility; and even were they able to, the punishment of individuals should rather be a supplement than a substitute.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

There are three distinct kinds of editorials; those that are written because some great injustice has been done or because some vital-issue burns behind them with a pure white light, those that are written because we want to write them, and those that we write because we have to.

Now we want to wish Dr. Roscoe and all the little girls at RVC a very Merry Christmas, we and they will have to get together to make some New Year's resolutions.

And we want to wish the Women's Union a Merry Christmas; outraged righteousness has seldom had more charming sword-bearers.

A Merry Christmas to the SEC, drooling behind bolted doors over succulent plates of roast turkey and steaming pudding; and to the Union perched upon shaky foundations, may it stand yet another year to churn squeamish stomachs and offend sensitive ears with luncheon jazz.

To the people that fill our columns; the Music Club, Forge, the English Department (Honours); the honour societies, long may they prosper in happy and free elections; to Mr. Luce, and to all the young ladies that we have met, we send our sincere Christmas Greetings.

Most of all we want to remember the poor fellow, who, in the worst possible tradition of self-centred journalism, is called "our dear reader." With this remembrance goes heartfelt thanks, for listening, damning, and sometimes even praising. To him before all others, MERRY CHRISTMAS.



OPEN LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa,

It's shameful the way grown-up children neglect you. I bet even the most recent graduate of your Christmas gift-list forgets to send you a thank-you note.

I'm worried about you, Santa. You slave away in your northern work-shop all year round, oblivious of the events in the world. You come to us once a year with gifts and accept the cheers and shouts of the populace. You claim that the happy smiles of the infants make your life worthwhile, but aren't you puzzled by the paucity of the letter lately?

Santa, it's about time someone told you the truth. I'm sorry, but these are the facts.

The loud cheers you hear are amplified sounds of mechanized mirth; the thanks are platitudes, mere lip-service.

The ten year olds thought you were mighty cheap in bringing them cardboard and plastic toys last year. Really, they were expecting much more from you. And those so-called educational toys were thoroughly upsetting. The poppas played with them for the first half hour, and then they were carefully stacked away to give to the Salvation army next year.

And were those teen-aged girls mad! You got them out of bed in the morning, Santa, when that's when they went to sleep — to find, of all things, the most unflattering pair of nylons imaginable. Santa, don't you know that cherished female apparel are not meant for health nor warmth nor comfort?

The thirteen year old boys sure needed those jackets you gave them, Santa, but they thought it was an awfully dirty trick. You see, they could get jackets from their father by just asking for them. What they wanted from you was something they couldn't get from their parents, like a .22 rifle, for instance.

The mommas won't kiss you underneath the mistletoe this year. They claim that your yearly visit costs too much. It's hard to believe that you were charging them, but, I suppose, even raw materials do cost money.

The poppas are mad as hell too,

Santa. They think that it's about time you retired and let a young, luscious woman take over.

Personally, I think you're a swell guy. Very few people will do what you do every year. If I have stunned you, it was only

(Continued on page 12)



Ahoy,
pleasure
ahead!

You set
your course
for the enjoyment
of Canada's
favourite Ale
when you say:

"Make Mine
MOLSON'S
EXPORT"

THE ALE
great
YOUR GREAT / GRANDFATHER
DRANK

McGill Daily

The Oldest College Daily in The British Commonwealth
Member Canadian University Press

Published five days a week by the undergraduates of McGill University at 690 Sherbrooke Street West. Telephone AV. 8-2244. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Editorial opinions expressed are those of the Managing Board of the Daily and not official opinions of the Students' Executive Council.

Editor-in-Chief Morris Shohet Managing Editor Flora Ball
Executive Editor Michael Laine Advertising Manager M. E. Heasley

IN CHARGE OF THIS ISSUE

NEWS:
Liz Gillespie

FEATURES:
Robert Reich

SPORTS:
Daniel Mettarlin

NEWS: — Ass't. Desk: Eric Thompson. STAFF: — Bryna Feingold, Ruth Dickstein, Snookie Lieff, Stan Cytrynbaum, also Neville.

FEATURES: — Archie Kushner, Lee Levitan. SPORTS: — Harvey Kolodny, Stewed Smith.

Literary Supplement

RUSSIA RESURRECTS ATLANTIS

by N. J. Berrill

Soviet Russia, so we have been led to believe, prides itself on having a materialistic, non-sense attitude to existence as a whole and to human aspirations in particular. Some doubt, to be sure, crept in concerning how firmly Russian feet were planted in the sticky mud when the Russians announced plans for sending up an artificial satellite and for eventually being the first to land upon the moon. Not that we can criticize such an ambition for it is one we in the west hold dearly to our hearts, but the suspicion grows that the Russians read the same comic books and science fiction magazines that we do.

Now in a most surprising way we discover that Russian scientists have the same rather wistful longing for a never, never land as have any other grown up children. The legend of the lost continent has haunted western civilization for more than two thousand years at least. Plato described Atlantis as larger than Asia Minor and Libya combined, lying in the Atlantic Ocean beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and as a powerful kingdom nine thousand years before, finally to be overwhelmed by the sea so that only submerged shoals were left to mark the spot. Belief in its existence died hard during the eighteenth century age of enlightenment, although Voltaire had faith till the end, but at last the story became just another myth testifying to man's imagination rather than his history. Rather regretfully we have let the legend go, as part of the make-believe of the human past. Who would have thought that the Russians oceanographers with their apparent preoccupation with the Arctic Ocean would evoke the sunken land as a reality?

The Ice Age

Man as well as God seems to work in a mysterious way, and a translation of an article which appeared in the Russian scientific journal *Priroda* earlier this year has been published by the Defence Research Board of Canada and distributed by its Information Service a few weeks ago, carrying the title "The Ice Age and Atlantis". The author points out that many millions of years ago tropical bread fruit trees grew in Greenland, and that broad-leaved trees covered the Siberian islands and tropical forests grew on Spitzbergen. Dissatisfied with the several current theories concerning the cause of the ice age he looks for some great obstacle which

hindered the northward or northeasterly flow of warm ocean currents from the south and writes that this could only be land mass in the Atlantic ocean, areas which joined up to form a considerable continental block which completely cut off the northward course of the currents. Then the intensive cooling of the polar region of the north began and "the great ice sheet, after fettering the Arctic seas and islands, advanced southward over the territory of Eurasia and North America. The Ice Age was on." He calls attention to the volcanic activity responsible for the uprising of the islands from the mid-Atlantic ridge, which includes Iceland, Jan Mayen Island, the Azores and others further south, and that in a period of intensive mountain building the volcanic activity associated with the submerged ridge would have been much greater, that there is nothing improbable in the idea that at such a time a great land mass might have appeared in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, a land mass for which the accepted name is Atlantis. "Thousands of years went by. In time, Atlantis began to sink slowly below the ocean waters. Finally there remained, of all the great continent, only its central part. This was that Atlantis of which Plato tells us . . . but the clock struck even for this last bit of Atlantis, and the Island of Atlantis sank in the sea and was lost." "After the disappearance of Atlantis, the warm equatorial current flowed northward in a broad stream, transporting heat to the ice locked shores of Europe. An intensive warming of the climate began. The glaciers melted and retreated to the north. The Ice Age was over."

It is a simple theory, much too simple to be true, except

in partial ways, and the article is commented on in the same issue by one of the members of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R., who points out that while there may have been an Atlantis land mass blocking the flow of the Gulf Stream to the north as suggested, this alone would not explain the whole problem of the ice age even in the northern hemisphere alone. He suggests in fact, that while the first writer should be commended for his imaginative zeal, he should not allow his enthusiasm to run away with him, although future exploration of the North Atlantic sea floor may one day show relics of an ancient civilization and a very interesting period in the life of mankind. We see here an element of caution being introduced by an apparently older man who in spite of his conservatism obviously feels the pull of the legendary land of Atlantis and its invitation to indulge in fantasy. Both articles are in fact at least once removed from the actuality they are concerned with, and they are accompanied by a third which is a vigorous scientific account of certain discoveries resulting from the Soviet high-latitude expeditions of 1948-51, when sediment cores as long as thirty inches were obtained from various parts of the floor of the Arctic Ocean by scientists drifting on the ice above. Thirty inch cores are short in space but long in time, and according to calculations based both on rate of deposition and on extent of radium decay within the material the time they represent is about fifty thousand years. The cores consist of a mixture of ooze particles together with large numbers of small shells of a North Atlantic species of foraminifer, as do similar cores obtained from the North Atlantic

EARTH GODDESS

by Irving Layton

I adore you, Marilyn.
You teach sex is no sin
Nor that anguishing fire
To which the saints aspire;
You make absurd for us
All love that's chivalrous:
There is more wisdom
In your shapely bum.
Real pleasure and goodness
Are in your rippling breasts,
Animal health and pride
In your magnificent stride.
Wench, you teach the race to know
Forms forbidden Plato,
A music of the stars
Locked from Pythagoras.

For those denying sex
Or lost in politics,
For the intellectual
Writing on the Fall
Or stilted volumes on
Sarah Hutchison;
For the smelly puritan
Or the sulky christian;
The arrogant, the fool
Disparaging his tool;
For the inhibited
Twisted by a simple need;
For all those who hate
Man's natural estate
Or lined with inner guilt
Trail, as some bugs do, filth:

O cinema goddess
More lovely than Venus,
More explosive than
Deirdre or Helen;
O beauteous wench, embrace
Me in an hour of grace,
Bounce me like the ocean
On each surprising limb;
Then let your kisses fall
Like summer rain on all;
Teach us the happiness,
The carnal blessedness,
The warmth, love, sanity
Of your redeeming energy:
Blest of women, earth goddess,
Teach us to delight and praise.

floor itself by oceanographers of other nations. The difference between the cores taken from the Arctic and Atlantic is that in the Arctic cores the foraminiferan shells of this kind are present only in layers representing the last ten thousand years, in layers equated with a period lasting about twenty to thirty thousand years ago, and in layers corresponding to forty-five to fifty thousand. They are absent in the layers representing the periods in between and the Russian au-

thors conclude that during these periods the flow of Atlantic water in to the Arctic was blocked and the northern climate was colder. The conclusion is logical and their suggestion that the intermittent blocking was brought about by the slow alternating elevation and depression of land, acting as a swinging gate to the flow of warm southern water, is reasonable. So is their identification of this land as the Nansen Sill, a submerged ridge now

(Continued on Page 5)

SING AT CHRISTMAS

TOMORROW at 8:30 P.M.

TICKETS \$1.00 — — — — — AT THE DOOR
Children under 13 — Half price or from Members of The Choral Society

WHY

This Literary Supplement is too heavy for the average student to read during lectures. It was intended that these pages should be taken home, put aside, and read whenever the time permits. We feel the quality of the material can stand up against that put out by any of the larger and wealthier universities south of the border. Contrary to popular campus opinion, many students want to write, many can write, very well.

We also wish to thank the following people who gave up their valuable time to help us with this issue: Dr. N. J. Berrill, Dr. Peter Scott, Dr. J. W. Miller, Prof. Louis Dudek, Dr. C. Beresford-Howe, Mr. Irving Layton, Mortimer Schiff, Selma Skoll, James Soutter, A. W. Kushner, Lee Levitan, and Ruth Roskies.

We would also like to thank all those who entered the Literary Contest, and to congratulate the winners — John Lachs, Edith Goldstein, Lionel S. Tiger, and Jean Carol Craig.

Ed.

Farguhar Robertsons

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Cult of the Five Hundred

by Jas. M. G. Soutter

I've just had to face a startling reality. Not a simple thing for someone of my convictions. I've spent most of my life enhancing my phenomenal self by denying or ignoring all the little threats to my supremacy as man. I've built myself into a tight little island, a veritable Gibraltar of rock-ribbed fundamentalism, a Malta of materialist tendencies that have denied the encompassing of the aid. Now, with the painful realization of an Achilles thrust, with the agonistic truth of a shorn Samson I have been wretched back to ultimate reality. I have discovered the core of myself to be without seed.

Yesterday, as I lay abed pondering the advisability of early morning lectures, a revelation came unto me. It was a swift and sudden knowledge, the inescapable realization of another presence. And as undeniable as that presence was so did there exist the urge to turn in my bed and face the open window, to look to the light for enlightenment and to seek the source of the strange sounds that accompanied my vision.

I found him there, supremely confident of his own intention, casually flicking the crumbs of bread that had fallen from my table, staring me balefully in the eye. Only fear prompted me to speech, for my sense of proportion had vanished. That I should have soberly entertained the thought of speaking at all was beyond question a foolishness. Yet speak I did, and walked where angels feared to tread.

My demanding of his presence was forward, but no more than his reply. There was no reason why he shouldn't be there, he said. No reason at all. And if I were wise I would accept the fact without question.

Accept it I shall, was my uncompromising answer. One cannot do away with evil by refusing to lay claim to its

existence any more than I could be rid of this intruder by ignoring him.

I am here, he continued, to acquaint you with a few realities. Realities are a hobby of mine. And since I have made them so it has fallen to me to show you and your kind that you have not been living up to your concept of humanity. That you have failed to do so is, of course, to my advantage. And if for a moment I felt that you would materially benefit from my presence I would have not given you the opportunity of my enlightening conversation.

I was mystified, of course. The best I could do was practice my pastoral counselling and lead him on. Even at this stage in our relationship I could see that he was obviously suffering a minor delusion, perhaps reacting from a childhood clash with reality that had destroyed his concept of self and had thrown him into his world with hastily rebuilt defences resting upon insecure foundations. Realities were my hobby too, although I didn't tell him of this. His outpouring continued.

You have lain secure in your world he said dealing with your life as though it had no relationship to me. Oh, yes. You have admitted of my presence. At times you have opened the window of your existence to cast down to me and my kind the debris of your table. We have fed upon the crumbs of your food but have been denied it wholly because of your refusal to recognize us as a reality in your life.

Sometimes we have left our mark upon the world. Sometimes we have left it indelibly. I know of one man who is most aware of this, for he was forcefully reminded by myself. I approached him twice, both times in identical situations, on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, Ontario, and St. Paul's Cathedral in London, England. And in the short space on months, too. The coincidence struck him; or so he thought. But it was more than coincidence. I gave it to him, straight to the shoulder. He'll remember us. And you will, too. For if you refuse to put forward a faith that embraces

all, that denies the reality of one kind in preference to another, that confuses morality with immorality, and bastions it all with a bulging bulwark of social inadequacy and relentless retribution, then you must be supplanted. Your seed shall fail.

Let your City Halls veil their inhumanity with an insidious fly-paper of tar. We shall not be caught treading there. Nor shall we continue to eat the stale bread of political conviction and pseudo-justice. We are on the march.

You can understand that by this time I was becoming seriously alarmed at the scope of this directed animosity. There wasn't too much being said, but the words were big enough and the expression sufficiently sincere to suggest that beneath it all the situation might be much worse. I hated to interrupt the flow, but with the growing menace of my first lecture in mind I put forward a question. You said, I asked, that I could not materially benefit from all you are telling me. Are you suggesting that it is too late for man to cope with your kind?

Indeed it is. For we have been banded together. Under our great leader we shall flock to a new feeding ground of knowledge. We shall gather ourselves together in a great migration of souls. We shall preach a new gospel of love that once and for all will bring our kind winging to a new realization. And in the echelon of our faith there will fly the heralds of the Cult of the Five Hundred.

Good heaven, I cried, now really disturbed. What in the name of all reality is the Cult of the Five Hundred?

His reply was a positive coo of triumph. In five hundred years, he said, we will have firmly established our way. Mankind is finished!

And you're a dead pigeon, I cried, leaping from my bed in anger. But naturally, I was too late to commit a sin against my pipionic friend. With a leap he was out the window and away.

Well, I thought with a sudden let-down of feeling. I am without reality. The core of my life has been threatened. For once when I have been ready to accept an attack against my whole idea of self I am faced with a dilemma.

When he said five hundred years, what did he mean? Of my years, or of his? I wish I knew. Now when I feed the pigeons from my window a loaf of fresh bread I can never be sure that I'm not the condemned man feeding my jailers a hearty meal.

Blues

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OLD MADAME ANNAND

(Tied first place McGill Daily Short Story Contest)

by Lionel Tiger

If I had known that she had magic powers I don't think that I would have gone to her but everyone had said that she was wonderful, go, so on Saturday afternoon I did go. My neighbour had left her son Ian with me for the day and I brought him along too, because he was intelligent and would understand.

Her name was Madame Annand. She was supposed to be old. — as old as two women — and she was supposed to have great power over people. All kinds of people had said all kinds of things about her, but mostly, she was supposed to make you feel strong inside. People went to her and when they came out they felt very warm and eager inside their bodies and didn't want to talk to anyone. They just walked or sat or hummed to themselves and it took a while until they became normal again. No one understood very well what had happened to them, and no one tried very hard to explain. I am a sceptic about most things and cynical too I suppose, and I didn't believe in her at all; but still, as we approached I felt eager to see what it all was.

Ian and I had come by this time to the street where her place was and I warned Ian that we were going to see something very unusual, something that his friends had never seen, and I told him, that he must remain quiet all the time it was on, and afterwards, when it was over, he was not to tell even his mother that he had been. As I said, he was an intelligent child, and sensitive, and with a sense of mystery — not detective story mystery but the mystery of why people became old, or why he loved his mother and not some other woman. He promised to be appropriately decorous and I pushed open the door to which I had been directed. There were two apartments in the building, and the one on the second floor was Madame An-

nand's. We climbed the stairs and at the top there was a door marked "Madame Annand." I pressed the bell and shortly she opened the door.

It was true that Madame Annand was old. Her skin was as wrinkled and fragile as used tinfoil. Her hands seemed delicately powerless and she moved her body as if it were brittle and might easily crack. It is characteristic for unusual people to have unusual eyes, but Madame Annand's eyes were like the rest of her. They were old and melted down, and their only sparkle was the artificial sparkle of the electric light's reflection. Her hair was just matted matter and when she said, "Hello. So you have come," her voice was undistinguished and weak, like a small wind that

comes from nowhere and is going nowhere.

"My name is Teddy and this is Ian. He's young but he's intelligent and sensitive."

"Good. There are things I must do first. Go into the room." She pointed to a door and walked carefully away. We went into the room.

I suppose that I should tell you about the room, and how it impressed me; but here, I

have a feeling of inadequacy, because the room was so ordinary and its impression so ordinary that it's difficult to speak of. We all have rooms like that in our homes — just rooms, with furniture, knick-knackety brighteners-up, books that were bought many years ago by someone we have probably forgotten; and there was a bridge table near one

(Continued on Page 6)

Literary Winners

The judgment of Dr. Files and Professor Constance Beresford Howe in determining prize winners for the Daily contest is as follows:

First Prize

Short Stories: "First Grade" by Jean Carol Craig and "Old Madame Annand" by Lionel Tiger.

Second Prize

"The Strangers" by E. B. Carroll.

Essays: First Prize

"Psalm of Praise" by Edith Goldstein.

Honourable Mention

"Star Gazing" by Ann Cohen. "Colonialism and Education" by Z. H. Achoup.

Professor Dudek, judge of the poetry contest, has announced the following winners:

First Prize

"Winterreise" by John Lachs.

Second Prize

"Story" in three parts, by Lois Lieff.

Third Prize

"Modern Art" by George Ellenbogen.

Honourable Mention

"On Seeing an Arctic Bird on St. Helen's Island" by Jim Brierty.

"Time" by George Ellenbogen, "Sonnet" and "Song for Lute" by E. B. Carroll.

From "An Experiment in Gracious Living" by J. J.

"A Dreamer" by Bruce Douglas.

"The Willow", by Claora Styron. "Poem", "Fragility", "Questions", "Utopia" by A. G. Siebrasse.

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MADAME . . .

(Continued from page 5)

wall with some papers carelessly on it. There was a phonograph and some records, so I put on a record. It was some harpsichord music of Vivaldi, and the sad lonely twang of the notes affected me as it always did, and I began to wonder why I had come. Was not this vague melancholy I felt the sweetest of all the emotions and should I want to displace it with another?

I moved in my armchair to look towards Ian. He was still examining the room but when he saw me looking at him he said, "You can eat supper at our house. It's liver tonight." I smiled and said that I would see.

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The door opened and a man of about thirty walked into the room. He was tall and slender and wore a blue suit. He smiled tentatively at us, paused momentarily, and nodding towards the phonograph said, "Bach?"

"No. Vivaldi. Sounds like Bach though."

"Have you ever been here before? Is this your brother?" He spoke precisely and with assurance and with an aloofness that was somehow friendly.

"No, I haven't been here before. Both of us. Ian's a neighbour's. I'm minding him."

"Shouldn't Ian be at a baseball game or something, instead of here?"

"I tried to flash an assured smile and said nothing, for I really wasn't sure that Ian should be here. My silence he considered an adequate answer, for he grinned at Ian as if to accept him as an equal in this adventure, and addressing us collectively said, "Are you excited? I must admit that I am." I couldn't very well lie so I said I was too and we both looked

over at Ian who said that she was a "really old lady".

As if this were the introduction she had been awaiting, Madame Annand came into the room and went immediately to the bridge table; there was a small chair behind it which she arranged and sat on. "We are the only people on the world who are in this room right now." The statement was so ridiculously obvious that it seemed profound under the circumstances. "The trouble with everyone is that they don't realize themselves, they don't know what potential they possess, and they don't seem to care. You see, my point is that if Man exploits himself to the limit, Man everywhere would be happier. Science tells us that we use only a small part of the power of our brains and our bodies, and our capacity for emotion — surely there can be more love and kindness generated by humans than there is now. People come to me, and I try to make them feel the power within themselves, to mold it and use it. They go away happy, because for the first time they are conscious of being forces rather than social nonentities. I affirm Man, for I am old and have seen Man and Man must rise above Man. Nietzsche said that man is only the intermediate point between the Superman and the ape. He had the idea; we must have the ambition. Einstein is what we should all be. Beethoven is what we should all be. Then we will seek a Super Einstein and a Super Beethoven. We must look to the future, but we must attend to the present."

Though she was old she spoke with great vigour and conviction. I felt myself caught up by her enthusiasm, and I was excited by her ideas. I had heard them many times before, but they had affected me only in the cold realm of my intellect. Never had I felt them in my body, and I was glad, suddenly, that I had come. Ian didn't appear to have understood what she had said, but I could see that he was perturbed by the vitality of her manner. The voice that I had thought weak was strong because it spoke deeply and sincerely. The man who had come after us was excited too; his face seemed flushed and he teetered on the edge of his chair as if to be nearer this woman. It seemed inconceivable that in such a short time, and with such cliché ideas the woman had been able to inspire us so. These, then, were the magic powers, this was why my friends had said go. I understood, and my cynicism had disappeared.

There was silence for a full
(Continued on page 8)

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WINTERREISE

(First Place McGill Daily Poetry Contest)

by John Lachs

That winter I was alone
with my two birds,
and as they played, I too
became a bird
and played with old thoughts.
I took long walks across
the sprawling amphitheatre of the city
and sometimes ran
for exercise so that people stared.
I had a coarse sweater
it reminded me of snow
and the safe warm smell of tea,
this I wore over my shirt
and in the vegetative stillness of my life
I refused to kill.
Yes, those were good days
throughout the winter; I taught
my birds to speak and they
taught me slow affection and
to praise with quiet notes
the morning seed.
Then, even before the spring came
one bird died and the other
fell sick and praised the
morning, seed no more,
for there was in the cold
nothing there to praise.
And when the second bird died
and I had to bury him
in a garden,
I took and threw the seeds
among the waste.
Then feeling the taste of sickness
in my mouth I shaved
and went to look for ants
to trample on.

THE SEA AT MONHEGAN

Torrent and torment, the ocean's revel
of spawning and eating
the spit of one another, rocky toothsome scarabs,
stinking sea-kelp, barnacles and scales —

out of which the white reef,
sea-gull, tuna,

the eye, and the delicate reaching heart's
anemone.

Its designation, like wing marks or fins
or the manyshapes of the marine flora:
a mind — to hurt, or amuse
with skies, seascapes, truths!

Then lost in that great indifference
(as it is a great concern)
our fitful lives on this volcanic island,

a living green in mid-ocean,
a lick of the too-great energy,

that these hills in their sequences, swells,
wrap and fold, nurse to their mother rhythms.

Louis Dudek

Psalm of Praise

by Edith Goldstein
(First Place McGill Daily
Essay Contest)

The campus itself is like a huge pulsating heart, the people walking towards Roddick Gates or the Engineering building traversing the arteries and veins. Snow in winter softens the picture, giving it a premature nostalgic haze, while the bursts of autumn and spring make it almost too sweet to bear, like "unendurable pleasure indefinitely prolonged".

When you stop to think of it you love the place, only you're not supposed to love places, just as you shouldn't love ice cream — apparently only people are worthy of being loved. But there is nothing to stop you hating it, because you always partly hate what you love, you hate it because it involves so much of you and your emotions, you hate it because it has the power of hurting. And sometimes you're indifferent.

The college itself doesn't care. Like heaven and hell, doling out an unequal justice, it can only absorb our emotions and reflect them, a gigantic mirror.

At the signal of some bell the students swarm in and out, talking about stimuli and reactions, objective and subjective moral judgement, G. B.S. and the idea of a superman, Gide, the physiological functioning of the brain; but more often of who did what when how.

And you know that once you leave university you might mention G.B.S. casually, but you won't mention Gide, or objective moral judgement. Right will be the acceptable, not a beautiful array of pyramided words. And after some time you won't WANT to talk about Gide, and after that you won't care that you won't want to talk about Gide. Then you'll talk about who did what when how where.

But meanwhile you discuss Gide over coffee (always coffee). And in the artificial light cast by snow covering the pulsating heart, the buildings assume gigantic twisted stature, bending benignly over the students.

It is our university, let us extol it; it is our world, and we will sing its praises to the skies.

STEPHEN LEACOCK . . .

(Continued from page 9)
timing was flawless and the result memorable. When, as was often the case his work was rushed, the timing is off, and the humour falls flat.

Let us not be deceived. Leacock was a practical man who wrote for the moment and enjoyed the royalties that came in from the sale of his books. He rather liked Stephen Lea-

MONTEBELLO SUGARING

by Peter Scott

Arms full of wood, I walk where trunks hold up
Clouds, stars, and dark,
And kneel to plead with ashes in a heap,
And from one spark
Learn to make clouds of smoky fire spring up.
Till now in the steam and moon I can stand back
Watching my work,
And feel in my nose the gentle smell of sap
And maple smoke.

About me glisten a hundred glints and chinks
From the filling of pails
Who with their ears to the invisible twist in the roots,
Fill up of themselves,
While the snow runs away, and the treetops darken and swell,
And the first birds call.
The moon too helps in its way
To the regular fall, all but myself, who stand and pray
In the midst of the well.

If a thousand evenings I had laid out these fires
Instead of one,
What of the knowledge of the troubled years
I strove to gain?
A spring twig snaps, I think in the dark of wars
And peaces, dare to ask in the dark their name,
But there is none.
No one has ever asked such questions here:
The wind shifts, I feel the smoke drag tears
And a drop of rain.

PUZZLES

by James Wilkinson Miller

Concocted puzzles may permit
Solution, thanks to mortal wit;
But Nature's puzzle still resists
Our suppleness of mental wrists.

Human reason labors hard:
Here a shred and there a shard
Of an answer yet to find,
Firm and sure to conscious mind;

Here a glimpse, though dim and rough,
Of the hue of Nature's stuff;
Here a semi-intimation
Of its nice reticulation.

Poetry may seek to tell
How human hearts submit, rebel,
Wonder, or grieve, confronted by
Nature's unsolved how and why;

But when the poet fabricates
New puzzles then he abdicates.

cock the humourist and treated him uncritically like an indulging parent treats a favourite child. In recent months there has been much talk of building a literary shrine to the memory of this witty professor whose books won for him the affection

of people all over the world. Frankly I think that Leacock would be highly flattered and would chuckle quite heartedly over all the sensation he is causing!

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RUSSIA RESURRECTS . . .
(Continued from page 3)
lying between Greenland and Spitzbergen. It is not very large but it could have closed or opened the gap where the affect would have been greatest. This interpretation has a ring of truth which is lacking in the proposals to resurrect a sub-continental Atlantis along a thousand miles of the mid-Atlantic ridge from Greenland

south, although some extension of the northern end of the ridge, even now above water as Iceland, would have had the same result so far as the Arctic is concerned. If this has been the case then the ancient land may well be called "Atlantis" as Dr. E. R. Hope the translator of these articles himself suggests, but it would be an Atlantis that never knew humanity and the glamour is gone.

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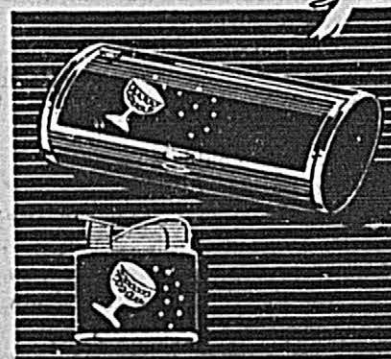
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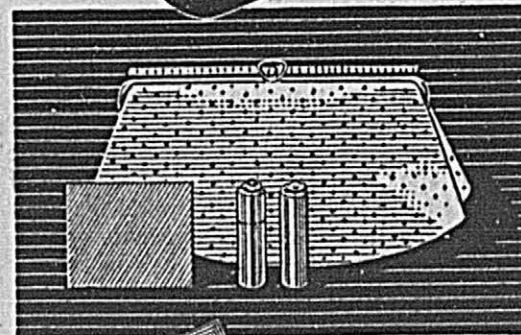


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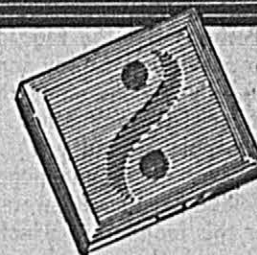
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STORY

by Lois Lieff

I'm so happy I could die;
He's coming tomorrow — here, to see me.
It's been so long, so very long.

When we first met, we realized then and there
That this was the proverbial "it", and it was.
From then on, though there may have been,
At times, miles between us, we were never apart.
Everything either of us did, or said, fitted
Perfectly with the other's thoughts. We enjoyed
Each other's company as only people in love can.
Even when we just sat and watched the sunset
Or listened to Rachmaninoff, we were completely
Happy. And when we had to part, the knowledge
That we'd soon be together again made our parting
Much easier. It's been months now since
I saw him last, but he's been in my every thought
And deed.

I remember the time he phoned me
On my birthday. I could hardly speak
I was so surprised. I hope he didn't think
I didn't want to talk to him; but I guess he knows
What it's like. The first New Year's Eve we spent
Together was pure heaven, and — even now I can't remember
Who gave the parties. Then he left,
With a promise to come back soon.

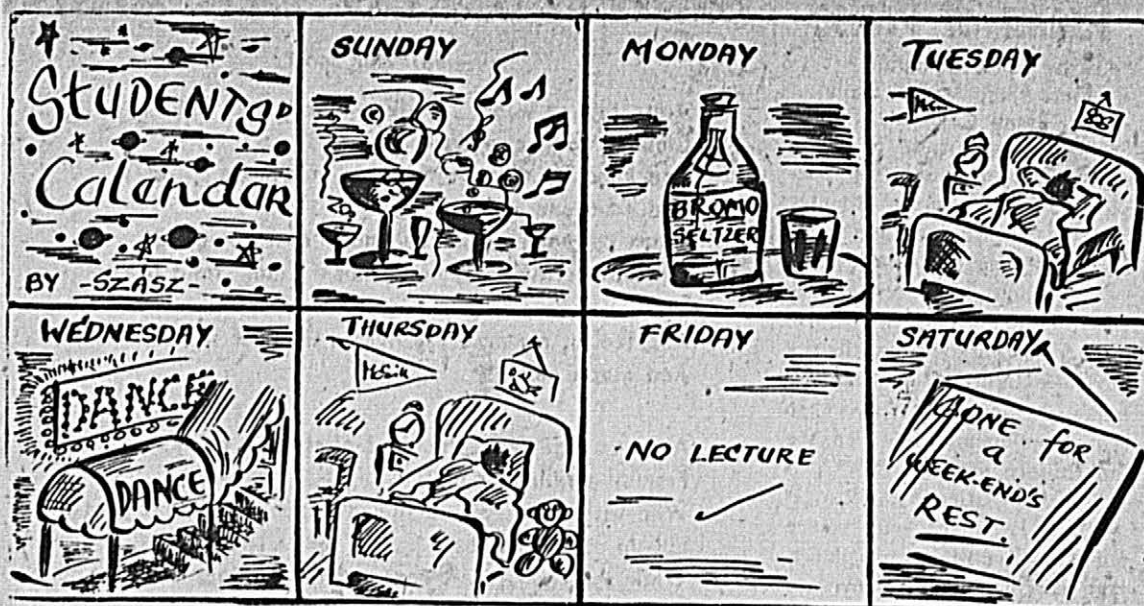
It hasn't really been a long time. Just these last
Couple of weeks have seemed an eternity. I guess
It's because I'm so anxious to see him.
But I'd better get some sleep.
I want to look just right tomorrow
When he comes.

II

What am I going to do without him?
We were so happy together, and now
He's gone. Gone. It's hard to believe. I remember
The day we met. It was just like any other day;
Neither of us realized its significance until
Much later. And now it's one of the many things about him
I can't forget. We had such wonderful times
Together. It was as if we couldn't get along
Without each other; and we couldn't —
Until yesterday. Why did he leave? Was it
Something I did, or said? Or is there someone else
For him? Someone else, that's a laugh. We both
Promised, not that we needed promises at the time,
That we'd always be true; but it's all changed now,
For him, anyway. I, no matter what happens,
Will always love him. I don't want to, heaven knows
I don't want to, but there's no way
Of escaping it. I may find another
Some day, but he'll still be there. I'll be
Haunted by him till the day I die. I once read
Something about being chained to a memory. I laughed
When I read it, but now it's no laughing matter;
I'm the one in chains now, and it's miserable.
Dear Lord, bring him back to me, or let me
Forget him. I can't go on much longer
This way.
I miss him so.

III

How can love be defined? Who but
The gods can tell us the meaning of love?
Perhaps it's a stolen kiss, or that
Split second when glances meet — and then drop;
Or the tingle in arms when fingers touch —
And speedily return to their places. It could be
The feeling of emptiness you get when he's not there
And you're alone; or the gay, carefree atmosphere
That prevails when he's with you — and for both of you
There needn't be anyone else in the world. Perhaps
It's the pride you take in his achievements or
It's the leap your heart takes when he's in even
The slightest danger. It might be
The way you think — in terms of "us" and "we"
Rather than "you" or "I". Perhaps it's the regard
For his opinions when you do something or say something.
Maybe it's the way you frequently say the same things
At the same time and then look at each other
And smile, and the way the people around you
Look at each other and smile, not like young people
In love, but knowingly, like older people who were once
Young like you. Perhaps it's the manner in which
His friends treat you, like one of them, as he is.
It might be the way you share everything — worries,
And joys; triumphs and defeats; material things,
Duties — and you feel that you'd never dream
Of having it another way, with either of you
Doing these things alone. Anything which might
Separate you is hated, even feared — a little.
You love him. That's all you know and
You don't care about anything else.
You love him
And the world, for you, is at peace.



STUDENT'S CALENDAR

MADAME . . .

(Continued from page 6)

long five minutes, during which
time Madame Annand looked at
each of us in turn, her old eyes
switching their focus eagerly
and surely. "You must go now
and contrive to do what I have
said. It is important to you. It
is important to the world. I will
die soon and not be concerned
with it. But you will be con-
cerned for a long time. This is
the only life you have." She got
up and left the room swiftly.
We sat for a moment and then
slowly walked from the room.
We did not speak.

We walked down the stairs

and I was last. The others had
gone out, but I lingered for a
moment in the passageway of
the building. I could not under-
stand the feeling within me at
all. I felt strange — vital —
somehow. I knew Ian would be
waiting for me so I went out-
side. The sun was so antiseptic
that it made my eyes smart, and
though was sun, fat drops of
sunstroked water fell. There
were some people near the door-
way — four. One of them asked
me, "Is she busy? We're going
to see her again." I said she
wasn't busy and walked off
with Ian. It was not until much
later that I realized the signi-
ficance of what the man by the
doorway had said to me.

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STEPHEN LEACOCK MAN AND MYTH

by Selma Skoll

Of all the "characters" that Stephen Leacock created, not one of them is half so queer as the old man himself! Leacock never for one moment fooled himself into thinking that as a humourist he ranked in the same category as Charles Dickens or Mark Twain; but he knew that he could always make people laugh and that humour, after all else, is "the saving grace of humanity".

Around McGill he was known as the worst dressed professor on campus — a man who deliberately wore unpressed clothes a size and a half too large, and a teacher who gave his students more chuckles than sound economics for their money. In Orillia, where he spent his summers, he was highly respected, not for his literary work, but for the size and quality of his tomato crop.

In many ways Stephen Leacock was a man who never quite kept up with the pace of the modern world and who was at times even a little afraid of it. He distrusted large institutions and automobile speedometers that registered over thirty-five miles per hour. He had two telephone lines in his home but went to great lengths to avoid using either of them. His favourite summer pastime was fishing and for this purpose he preferred a gaff-rigged yawl to a motor boat that "always gets there" and he infinitely preferred excursion steamers on the secondary waters of Ontario to ocean liners.

Stephen Leacock was, however, a practical writer who scoffed at riches but longed to have the comforts that money could buy.

Early in life he discovered that he had that combination of an idiosyncratic vision which can spot the inconsistencies and incongruities of life and a humane spirit which views these foibles with tolerance and amusement. In other words, he possessed that quirk of nature known as 'a sense of humour'.

Innocence

In his writing he found a

simple formula which appealed to the reading public. Adopting an innocence of artistic eye, he made the reader feel that the author is himself entangled in the very contradictions of life which he presents. His favourite effect of verbal humour was that in which he made words and phrases rush into a significance involving a complete impossibility and yet the sense of which emerges with the incongruity between the fact that it does make sense and the fact that it ought not to. A much quoted sentence is a good example of this — "Lord Ronald said nothing; he flung himself from the room, flung himself upon his horse and rode madly off in all directions".

But all his technical equipment would have been valueless, had not Leacock been a brilliant conversationalist. Most of his best work was first built up as after-dinner anecdotes which he tried out on his numerous house guests before offering them to the public. And at his best his work retains the quality of the spoken word — a kind of informal chat in which the reader is invited to interrupt. In this kind of writing, his

(Continued on Page 7)

Drowning

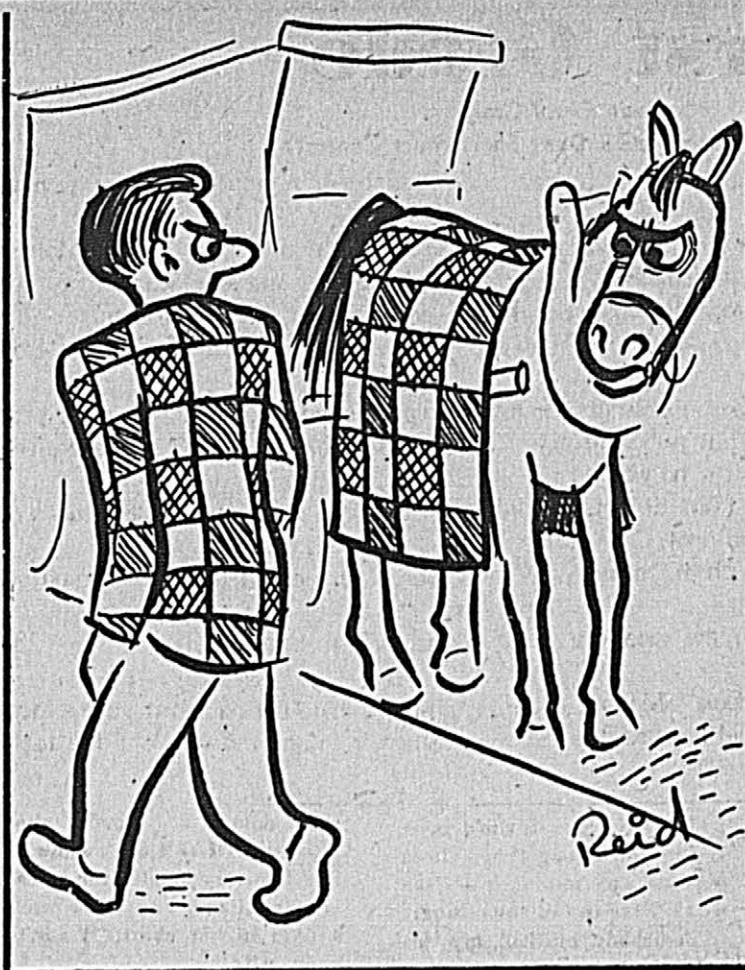
by M. Schiff

The mouthblood claims a futile thing his nose
And scatters each attempt he owned to call
To life, to urge him swift toward bend of breath:
Now august music falls like bloody noise
Before the shatter of the mortal coil,
Before the sag of shroud of black loud death.

Accept and mourn his death. A quiet moment
Back one spoke to him a sonic train
Of brilliant notes conveyed by singing air;
To them his outstretched ear gave consent
To gain electrically his fertile brain
And musing he could apprehend them there.

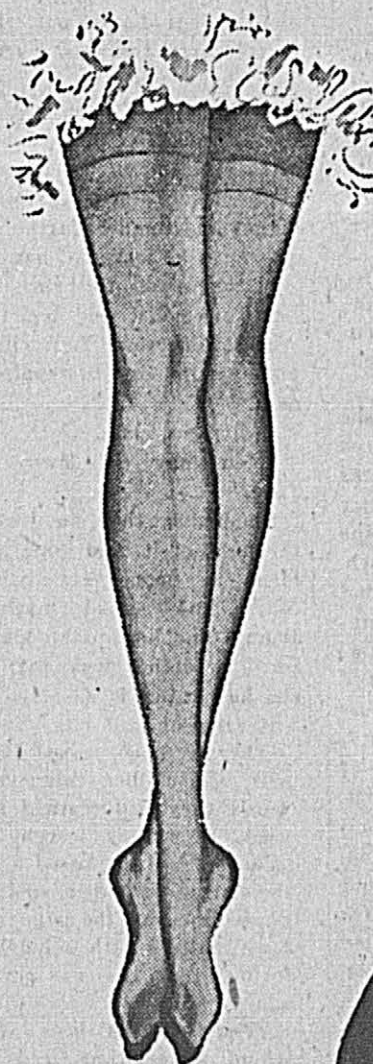
But now the eyes are wet and stained in white
And the faded tongue turns limp — a fallen wing
That can not beat a greeting to the dead;
Now no bended neck screams silken fright
Which no lobed ear can hear; none balk and sing
The bitter sod, product from his broken head.

Yet thick air hears some weep a vacant drone,
Breathe into this a hopeless own defect
Who pray in show to win their pallid suit —
Profaning sadness like a crooked sect
Of maudlin men; and each several one
Blind to the everdeath, stark, absolute.



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First Grade

by Jean Carol Craig

(tied first place McGill Daily Short Story Contest)

The clear, thin sound of the dinner bell came once, and then in a hard blur as Donnie rang it.

Jane put down her doll. "Now you stay quiet while I'm gone." She tried to say it the way Mother did, with a smile in her voice, but something caught at her throat and she wanted to cry instead. She closed her bedroom door carefully behind her, and went to the dining-room.

Father was serving the meat as she slid into her chair, and Donnie was cutting his buttered bread into little pieces.

"Don't do that, Don" — her hand went out to stop him, and he clutched at his plate protectively. Mother reached out and put his plate down again, and shook her head at Jane. The shake meant that Donnie could do it if he wanted to.

Mary put a plate down in front of her, and Jane concentrated on the two little mounds of vegetables, making them square and neat.

"And what did you do in school today, dear?" Mother always asked that, but tonight it sounded different, and important.

Jane watched her fork swirl the food around her plate, and then the tears came and the plate swirled too.

"Why, whatever is wrong, dear?" Mother was standing up, holding her napkin to Jane's face. Jane squirmed away from it and laid her head on the table. She felt so hot and wet, and the table was smooth, cool, firm . . .

"Now, dear, let me tell you about the story I was reading today" — but the tears kept coming, and it was hard to breathe and cry at the same time. She hurt. Her head hurt, and her chest felt tight.

Mother was carrying her. "You're very tired now — just rest and Mary will give you something to eat later."

The blind came down, and she was left in the greenish darkness. How can I go tomorrow . . . why did I do it? The thought was dark terror and bewilderment. She imagined going away, or staying home with Donnie tomorrow. Mary could teach her if Mother was too busy. She couldn't go back to school . . .

The pillow was wet and warm, like their dog when it rained, only big. The bed was furry, soft. Her sides heaved as the crying stopped, and she slept.

It was a funny feeling to wake up and see it still not night, but a dark-green kind of light. Jane got up and went over to raise the window shade. She could hear Mary moving around in the kitchen, and she would do it now.

The thought still made her feel sort of sick and scared, but it seemed like a long time ago that it had all happened, so that it didn't matter as much.

She opened her door and knocked at the kitchen. Mary told her to come in, and turned away to clatter some food on a plate. She got out a knife and fork and spoon, and then pulled out a chair for Jane and sat in the other one herself.

"Now you sit down and eat that, and you'll feel better."

There was a lump in Jane's throat, and she knew that the food couldn't get past it. She would be sick . . . Sooner or later she would have to ask — "Mary, can I have some furniture polish and a cloth for tomorrow?"

There. She drew a long, shuddering sigh after it was said, and started to eat.

Mother came in. "All rested now, dear? If there's something the matter, you'll probably feel much better if you tell me."

The tears were prickling again, and Jane's eyes felt hot

and sandy, as if she'd been crying for a long time. There was no way out of it — she would have to tell something.

"Somebody marked my desk and I have to bring furniture polish and a cloth to school tomorrow . . ."

"Well, that's all right, Janie, Mary will see that you get them. But who was it that did such a thing?"

"It was . . . Joan Connolly."

Mother stood up and put her hand on the door. "Now, dear, if it was Joan, there's no need to feel badly yourself. Even if you had done it, it will be all fixed up tomorrow."

Tomorrow it will be all . . .

But today it had been so terrible. She could still feel the way it had been, standing up in her seat with everyone turning to look. Miss Miller had stayed at her desk, and there seemed such a distance between them.

When Miss Miller started to talk, she had seemed bigger and bigger, until Jane was no longer aware of the children in the class.

A few minutes before, she had been sitting at her desk while the morning story was being read. "It was one Mother had read to her before, and Jane was not thinking about it much.

She turned her pencil around in the groove on her desk until the name on it didn't show. She looked at the pictures and the words on her Red Cross nickel. The side with the king's head didn't make any sense at all when she tried to read it, but on the other side she spelled out CAN AD A — Canada.

There were words on her desk. JOHN. M.V.S. SUN SON. With the nickel she started making a line on the desk. Then she put a tail on it, and it was a J. She began the S with a curving sort of line when she heard a voice, sharply.

"Jane, stand up."

Miss Miller walked down the row to her seat and took the nickel. "It's for the Red Cross, Miss Miller," Jane said.

"Why did you do that, Jane?"

Jane tried to understand what the teacher wanted. She thought now, but there had been no thinking when she

was doing it. Slowly she answered. "I — I don't know." She felt very small. Her voice got small too, and there was a pain in her chest. "I don't know why."

"Do you mark up the furniture at home?"

This was worse. She never remembered thinking about it before. Never. But when the other children did things at school, Miss Miller always asked if they did it at home, and they would say "no". Then she would say "why do you do it here, then?"

"Well, Jane?"

"Yes, Miss Miller."

"Yes?" Her voice went up, and her eyes of stuck out. "Then I feel sorry for your parents. Your home must be in quite a state."

Jane could feel the sweet, salt taste of tears on her lips, and Miss Miller seemed to waver bigger and smaller, farther and closer as she looked at her.

"I want you to bring some furniture polish and a cloth to school tomorrow. You will remain at recess to repair the desk."

"All right, class."

"You may sit down now, Jane."

She had sat then, numb at the thought of it, and gone home alone at noon, very quietly. Mary had served lunch to Donnie and her in the kitchen because Mother was out; and she had eaten it silently, concentrating on each bite.

The afternoon passed dully, with Miss Miller going over words they had learned last week. In writing lesson the splash of a tear raised a little welt on the paper, spoiling the neatness of the page, and Jane realized with a helpless feeling that she was crying again.

Then there had been after school, supper-time, and the sleep. She felt older — sort of clean and tired. So much had happened.

Mother tucked her in, and Father read a story while she lay warm and safe in bed.

It was morning. The birds always chirruped so loud in the Spring time that she woke up before breakfast. Usually she got up then and went in to Don-

nie, and they dressed in the kitchen.

Today she lay and looked out between the blinds and the sill, and finally got out of bed and let up the shade. Then she went back under the covers and waited for Mary to come.

Jane could smell the bacon and other warm things cooking in the kitchen, and finally Mary came and the smell rushing into the room was better than any flower-smell, or even Mother's perfume.

She took the cloth and polish to school, and it didn't seem to matter so much now.

While Miss Miller read the story she sat very still and tried to listen, and her writing book was very neat this time.

At recess all the other children went out into the school-yard. She could see them out the window while she spread on the furniture polish, let it dry, and then rubbed it. She looked at the other words on the desk and wanted to ask "why", but she didn't. The polish made them turn black, as if they'd been burned in, as if they'd been there forever.

At noon some of the children came over and walked with her, and when they were outside the school one of the boys said, "I hate Miss Miller. She's just an old meany."

Jane did not remember that a week before she would have replied "no", and had no more to say to him. She didn't remember, or even think when she said, "Is she ever! But I really showed her."

They ran home shouting and laughing to lunch.

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Robert Q. Gorilla, the famed fullback from Congo University, is expected to arrive shortly to bolster the Redmen backfield. He runs along the style of former Hamilton backfield star, Merle Apes and he will probably be used on defence as a line-backer (or perhaps as a line).

(MORE) "STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL"

by Stu Smith

It was recently discovered that a scout from Stratford University (on Avon) was examining the sports set up at McGill. As soon as this matter was brought to the attention of this ever-alert reporter, an interview with this scout, whose name was Bill Shakespeare, or something of the sort, was obtained immediately. Forthwith, a verbatim record of the interview!

S.S.: Are you Bill Shakespeare, the scout from Stratford-on-Avon?

Sh.: Am I like such a fellow? (*Romeo and Juliet*).

S.S.: I think so. Are you really he?

Sh.: O, 'tis too true. (*Hamlet*).

S.S.: Tell me, Mr. Shakespeare, have you been in Canada long?

Sh.: But two months . . . nay, not so much, . . . not two. (*Hamlet*).

S.S.: I see. What is your general opinion of the Intercollegiate athletic setup as it is now?

Sh.: Things rank and gross in nature posses it merely. (*Hamlet*).

S.S.: You must be referring to the Braccia case. What did you think of the article about it in the Daily?

Sh.: It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. (*Macbeth*).

S.S.: I thought it was pretty good myself. Have you met Braccia?

Sh.: I have, my lord. (*Hamlet*).

S.S.: You needn't be quite so formal. What did you think of the great quarterback?

Sh.: A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour. (*Julius Caesar*).

S.S.: I see. Tell me, frankly, how

many players do you think Connie Smythe has sent to Varsity to escape the professional draft?

Sh.: I think it lacks of twelve. (*Hamlet*).

Sh.: Aye, so I think. (*King Lear*).

S.S.: What do you think of the objection of the Dean of Women to cheerleaderettes here at McGill?

Sh.: Methinks the lady doth protest too much. (*Hamlet*).

S.S.: Thank you. How would you describe the officiating at the last U. of M. vs McGill hockey game?

Sh.: Most monstrous. (*King Lear*).

S.S.: Well put, sir. Have you seen our Union yet?

Sh.: Is thy union here? (*Hamlet*).

S.S.: What did you notice about it

Sh.: Wormwood, wormwood. (*Hamlet*). The doors are broke. (*Hamlet*). The sight is dismal. (*Hamlet*). Go fetch fire. (*Julius Caesar*). Pluck down forms, windows, anything. (*Julius Caesar*). Twere well it were done quickly. (*Julius Caesar*).

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SPORTS CAPSULE

Water Polo

The Redmen water polo team brought McGill its third championship of the year by virtue of their 12-7 win over Varsity Dec. 10. This victory coupled with their 8-5 win at home gave the Redmen a 20-12 sweep of the two game total series, and enabled them to retain the Herschorn Trophy for the second year in succession.

Senior Basketball

Plattsburg State Teachers' College overcame a first half three point deficit to defeat Joe Anderson's senior cagers 67-50. Top scorer for the Redmen was 6'4" bucket-man Leon Duplessis who pumped in 13 points, while newcomer Lou Gordon, connected for nine. The game, an exhibition, was the Redmen's first of the season.

Hockey

The Toronto Varsity Blues led by Scotty Morrison with one goal and two assists, and Don Cassar who banged in two counters overwhelmed the McGill Redmen 10-5 at Toronto Dec. 2. The loss dropped McGill into last place, and enabled the Blues to take over top spot.

Swimming

McGill's swimming team travels to Schenectady, N.Y. to meet Union College in their first dual meet of the season tomorrow. Barry Thompson's boys will be out to avenge the defeat suffered at the hands of Americans last year.

Boxing

In an exhibition boxing card on Saturday night, Bert Light's boxers gained a split with Tommy Sullivan's Navy team. Denny Repole and Joe Puddicombe took two of the four fights for the McGill squad. John Fawcett and Pierre Raymond lost to Mickey Bergin and Eckert Korzer respectively. Three intra-squad bouts were also held and the results will help coach Light determine the team he intends to send as McGill's representatives to the Intercollegiate.

Squash

The McGill squash team lost to the Jesters on Athletics Nite 3-2. The powerful Jesters were given

REDMEN RAMBLINGS

by Norm Zavalkoff

Listen my children and you shall hear
What we've asked Santa for this year.

To Larry Sullivan, ere he grows grey,
Several stalwart men who can play
With the spirit of Brown, the finesse of Carr,
For if he has the men; he'll take them far.

And Santa, please, help the other schools too.
Take Stewart and Schreider and see them through.
Help them graduate by the end of the year
Or we may again be left to weep in our beer.
Get Braccia a pro offer without delay,
So he will be able to play for pay.

When all this is done, and perhaps it will.
Our Redmen fans will be in for a thrill,
A fighting team we'll have and then,
That football crown will be here again.

We'll have to do so something for Mr. Robillard,
For his luck has been nothing but hard,
A defenceman or two and a goaler strong
Who holds the fort like Bernie Wong.
And of you're helping men graduate, you might as well
Give a little shove to Bernie Quesnel.
Then have a chat with Connie Smythe,
For his college chattels have caused great strife.
Tell him that if he does not make amends,
Rocky will sign an agreement with Les Canadiens.

May the day come when Joe Anderson will see
Several men like DuPlessis,
Not the bridge builder par excellence,
But the one who scores points with non-challance.
Then Joe can say in his southern drawl,
"Why Mr. Claus, God bless you-all."

Now old St. Nick, when you come to town,
See if you can tear that prejudice down.
The powers that be have laid their bets,
That you can't get us cheerleaderettes.
A host of women would suit us fine,
Like the forbidden fruit — a thought sublime.

By the way Santa, on the Q.T.
Can that hockey rink really be?
Or will Drapeau laugh last at us all
Saying "It really is a concert hall."

To Harry Griffiths the season's best
For he has outshone all the rest.
There's not words enough which can be said,
About the man who's at the head.

Then to our Sports Staffers, the seasons greetings,
For they too hold secret meetings.
To the Mortar Sankoff, Lorraine and Stu,
To Bernie and George and Don Bell too,
To Harvey and Dan, and our cubs so fine,
A happy holiday, have a hell of a time.

a run for their money by Al Molloy's boys who are planning to visit Yale and Harvard shortly for a series of exhibition contests.

Intermediate Basketball
The Intermediate Basketball team got off to an excellent start, winning their first two games in League Competition.

HAVE A *Player's* **"MILD"**

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A.S.U.S. FLUNKERS' FLING TO BE HELD JANUARY 17

The first Flunkers' Fling, sponsored by the ASUS, will be held on Friday, January 13. This is a revival of an old annual Arts and Science dance, and will take the place of the ASUS New Year's Eve Ball.

Since New Year's Eve falls on a Saturday this year, the ASUS dance will not take place since secular activities are not allowed on the campus on a Saturday night, and an affair of this kind falls under the heading of secular.

Several orchestras will be on hand at the Fling, with music to suit everyone's tastes, including dixieland and calypso. The dance, which will run from 9-1:30, will be cabaret style and dress is informal. Tickets will be on sale when classes resume, and will be sold on a couple basis. The ASUS promises favours for everyone.

Don MacSween, President of the ASUS, was quoted as saying, "This will be the first dance sponsored by the ASUS for the Engineers, as well as for the rest of the campus. We hope to see a large turnout."

UNION NEWS...

A Christmas tree has been set up in the Union lobby. Students are asked to bring any toys or books they may have in good condition for children. The gifts will be donated to the University Settlement and distributed to underprivileged children.

A turkey lunch costing .75 will be served in the Union Cafeteria on Monday, December 19. The cafeteria will close on Wednesday, the 21, and reopen on January 11. The Grill Room also will close, on Thursday, the 22, and it will be open for business on January 4.

The Union will be closed from December 23 to January 3.

coming events

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16

FOLK MUSIC GROUP: Informal sing-song at 8:30 pm in the Union Clubroom. Wade Hensworth, Montreal folk singer, will be the guest artist.

GERMAN CLUB: Christmas party for members and friends at 8:30 pm, 3421 Drummond St. Please bring a small gift, about 20 cents.

HILLEL: Chanukah Oneg Shabbat, sponsored by Sir George and Macdonald Hillel. Mr. B. Herson will speak on "The Jew in the Greek World". 8 pm, Hillel House, 3460 Stanley St.

NEWMAN CLUB: A Christmas dance will be held tonight at Newman House. Santa Claus will be there and an orchestra will provide music. Admission is .55 and all members are welcome.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 18

McGILL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP: Dr. C. P. Martin will speak at a "carol sing" at 9 pm in the Walter M. Stewart Room of the Union. Refreshments; all welcome.

HILLEL: Musicales. Concert by artists of McGill Conservatorium of Music. 8 pm, Hillel House.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 19

PSYCHOLOGY CLUB: The film, "A Family Affair" will be shown in Room 250 of the Biology Bldg at 1 pm.

NEWMAN CLUB: There will be a communion breakfast at the Newman House. Guest speaker will be Father Murchland C.S.C., Editor of the ORATORY, who will talk on, "Hope And Modern Writers". Christmas events will be concluded on Christmas Eve with a Midnight at Newman House to be followed by a reception.

DAILY STAFF PROMOTIONS ANNOUNCED

The Managing Board of the Daily last night announced the mid-year Christmas promotions involving changes in the lower mastheads. The list of Daily promotions include:

NEWS DEPARTMENT

Assistant Desk Editors: Richard MacVicar, Sol Levine, Eric Renner, Stan Cytrynbaum, Gordon Wasserman, Eric Thompson

Staff Writer: Marvin Goldenberg, Janalyn Gibb Marcia Crombie.

Reporters: Sheila McCormack, Helen Kydd, Bernie Fryshman, Dave Schatia, Renee Rothman, Kate Kranek, Margaret Feldberg, Art Dalfen, Helen Coleman, Ulla-May Stenman, Anita Jonas, Art Pervin, Steve Fleming, Israel Li-quornik, Irene Perlis, Jean Huntley, Andy Yaphe, Dorothy DeMontmorency, Hugh Henry, Mort Perel, Doreen Henry.

Library

Librarian: Jean Huntley.

FEATURES DEPARTMENT

Associate Editor: Ruth Roskies. Chief Staff Writers: Lionel Tiger, Donald Kingsbury.

Staff Writer: Wilkie A. Kushner.

Head Desk Editor: Lee Levitan. Ass't. Desk Editors: Andy Yaphe, Robert Tasso, Neal Mahan, Peter Lintz.

Night Editor: Bruce Pomerantz. Music Editor: Mortimer Schiff. Drama Critics: Peter H. Engel, Ian Westbury, Jim Simbouras.

SPORTS DEPARTMENT

Night Editor: Stu Smith. Desk Editors: Don Bell, Danny Mettarlin.

Staff Writer: Bram Gelfand. Sr. Staff Writer: Harvey Kolodny.

Reporters: Fred Seligman, Sid Copperstein, Sonny Cytrynbaum, Irving Irish, Bobby Rosenfeld, Shirley Nadell, Freda Lang.

SKI HOUSE

The M.W.S.A.A. ski-house will be open after Jan. 4, and being so ideally located for skiing makes a perfect spot to wind up your holidays or to spend a weekend. Details have been posted on the R.V.C. Notice Board, so take a look and sign up.

MOC PLANS 'BIG DO'

The McGill Outing Club is planning their annual New Year's Eve party at Shawbridge. Highlights of the event will be skiing, sleigh rides, a turkey dinner and dancing.

Many Outing Clubs from American Colleges including Harvard and MIT have been invited. Reservations can be made with Mrs. Liverpool at the Currie Gym and cost .75 per person. The dinner will cost a dollar.

The MOC executive cordially invites everyone to attend, and also hope to see McGill students take advantage of the free ski lessons which will be given later in January.

TURKEY DINNER

Roast turkey will be the main course at the special Xmas dinner of the Union Cafeteria, on Monday, December 19. The price — 75c.

WEST INDIAN SOCIETY

All West Indians are asked to contact Don Webster in the Biology Building to collect their copies of the Society's Magazine.

OPEN LETTER...

(Continued from page 2) to open your eyes so that you in turn would shock our society.

Your good will has been abused, your simple kindness ridiculed. For this Christmas, Santa, tour the country with an empty bag. Show the people the tears in your tired eyes, the calyces on your overworked hands, and the corns on your frost-bitten toes. Somehow, you must show the people that you disapprove of our conception of Christmas. I don't suggest that you break every store window that is parodying your symbolic benevolence, although I wouldn't blame you if you did.

Come and look at our society, Santa, but leave the toys with the elves where they won't be contaminated. In bringing nothing, you will have brought the greatest gift possible.

Yosh Taguchi,
Med I.

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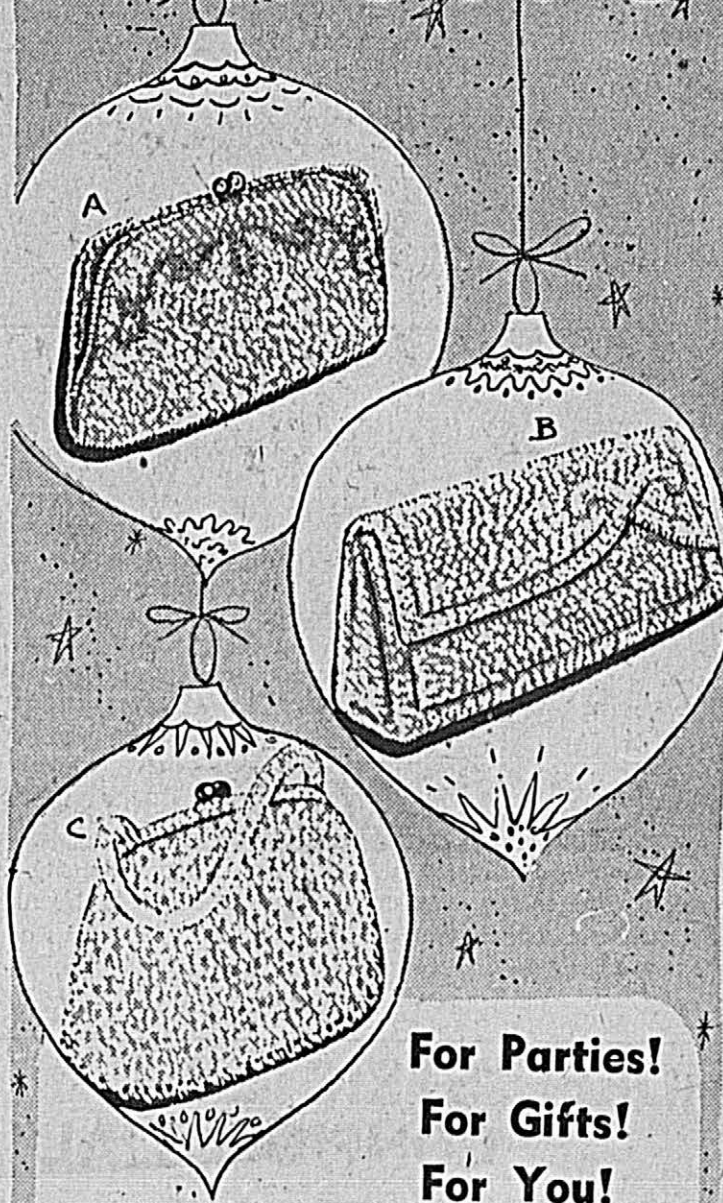
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